

MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF
MONTGOMERY
BELL —
ACADEMY

Don't tell anybody

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Number 2

The Fable of the Farmer Who Tried To Be Up-To-Date

KENNETH BAIRD

 ONE upon a time there was a farmer. He was not a scientific agriculturist, for his neck was red and his jaw clouded with whiskers—the human picture of a sunset beyond a duck blind. Since the day he was promoted from safety pins to suspenders he had labored upon the farm and the only source of entertainment he had to look forward to was Saturday night.

Perchance a vein of ambition inspired him one morning as he watched his neighbor sail past in his brand new "Fearful Four." Why was he driving a team of stubborn animals when his next door neighbor was riding up and down the pike scaring other folks' horses? Why, also could he not enjoy such luxury, and social distinction in the community?

Alas! this was his one ambition and his heart fairly fluttered in his flannel shirt. He had firmly determined that before another week had passed he would own a car of his own, at any price, so he loaded on his "bumper" crop and set out for the city.

It seemed too good to be true, but, sure enough, when he returned home he was the proud owner of a car, one

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that would last a lifetime, and it was a "bumper," too, for that car was a Fliver.

He had attained his highest ambition and he raised so much dust during the first week that the live stock that were even so fortunate as to stay off the road died of hay fever. It was "Overland" for the chickens and "Dodge" for the cows after the Fliver came into the family. But this gait slackened ere many weeks had passed. He was able to supply the "darned thing" with water, and occasionally a little axle-grease, but oil was not a country product, and at the end of two months it began to acquire those chimes so characteristic to this special type of machine. The only favorable sounding rattle he ever heard about the Fliver was the "rebate," and since that had long since been disposed of, the remaining clinks and clanks were abominable. Every time he heard a rattle it reminded him of three hundred and eighty dollars. The engine began to cluck so much like a setting hen that every time he came in the gate a rooster would fly up on the fence and crow. When he cranked it his wife would run down to look for eggs. When he backed out of the garage it made a racket like a country saw mill "chawing a nail," and he usually overtook the echo about half way to town. The Fliver began to wear. It looked like the devil with one horn until he wore the horn out—then it just looked like the devil.

But alas! a day came when the cows looked through the fence and got their laugh back. Crepe hung on the door. He had left what he had bought for breakfast in the Fliver overnight, and had a severe attack of ptomaine poison the next morning. So after all the misusage the little car lasted a lifetime.

Moral—Never leave food in a tin receptacle overnight.



The Substitute

BY MERRILL MOORE

ROY," said Mrs. Cantrell one night after supper, "here's a letter that came for you in the noon mail." Roy took the dainty blue and white envelope and opened it excitedly. "Oh, look what I got, mother!" he cried a moment later. "What is it, son?" said Mrs. Cantrell. "It's a bid to Ethel Ryhan's party next Monday, from four to six."

It was several days before the party when Roy and his mother were seen in a clothing store—his first suit with long trousers. It took several heated arguments to persuade his mother that Roy was ready for long trousers. "But, Roy you are too young," she said that morning.

"Why, I am fifteen. Besides," he continued, "I am five feet and four inches tall, and I heard you tell papa last week I was dreadfully overgrown for my age. Look at Tom, he isn't as big as I am and he wears them." The question was settled and the affirmative won. Roy also bought, much to his mother's disgust, a pair of socks, the sight of which made one think of a tropical storm.

The next day Roy and Tom were discussing the approaching party.

"What are you going to wear, Roy?" said Tom.

"Oh, I'm going to wear my new suit."

"Bet you get socked Tuesday."

"I'm not going to wear it to school for a while."

"Say, Tom, will you lend me that stickpin on your chif-
fonier?"

"Yes, if you want it. It's pretty, isn't it? Uncle Dan
gave it to me last week."

"What are you going to play on the team, Tom? I think I'll play cen—. All right, tell her I am coming." (This in response to Tom's younger sister who appeared in the door with the message that Roy's mother had phoned for him to stop by the grocery and get a pound of butter on his way home.)

"So long, Tom; see you to-morrow."

The party turned out well. Roy had three dances with the hostess—also two services of ice cream. After supper that night he started to untie his tie. Tom's pin was *gone!* Hunting proved of no avail. It was gone for good. The next day, luckily for Roy, Tom and his father went out of the city, but that night Roy would have to break the news. Immediately after supper he went to the jewelry store to see if he could find a pin like the one he had lost. Much to his joy he found its mate, a small ruby set in an oblong ring of gold.

"What is the price?" he asked the clerk.

"Eighteen dollars," was the reply.

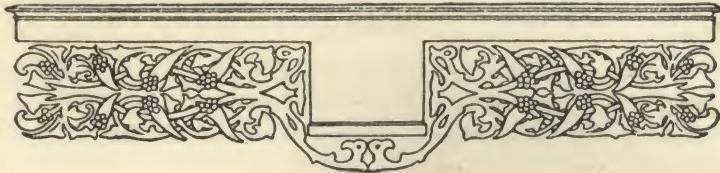
He was startled. He had twenty-two dollars he had been saving for a bicycle, but it must go, he reasoned, and that night he hurried over to Tom's with the pin, thanking him profusely for the use of it.

Several days later Tom happened to find the original pin. He was greatly puzzled and asked Roy to explain. Roy had to tell the story of the substitute.

"How much did you pay for the new pin, Roy?" said Tom.

"Eighteen dollars," he answered.

Tom was breathless. "Eighteen dollars! What a joke on you, substituting an eighteen dollar pin for a drummer's same worth about ninety cents.



Roads

M. E. M'CLURE

ROADS are long lines marked in red on the maps between places you never want to go to. There are usually considered to be three kinds of roads—past, present, and future. The roads of the past may be seen in an ancient history; the roads of the present are to be seen in the automobile maps; the roads of the future, on the real estate dealer's maps. There are other names for roads, such as good, bad, and indifferent; but these are just like the other names. The good roads belong to the class of the past, such as the old Roman vias; the indifferent ones to the future, for deep down in his heart the real estate man doesn't care a whoop whether they are ever made or not; and the bad ones to the present.

Roads are used for various purposes, such as playgrounds for steam rollers, channels for heavy rains, and as graft for the county supervisors; but their chief use is to give autos a good chance to rest. I have seen an auto that was already well tired out start on a road and get three blowouts, two punctures, gas pains in the carburetor, and rheumatism all over the body.

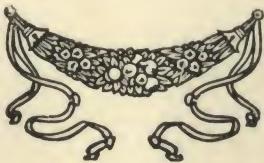
Roads are meek things. They are spit at, tramped on, rolled over, stood on, and looked down upon from every side; yet I have never heard of one complaining of anything. If you or I had a couple of tons of bricks dropped on our side we shouldn't like it at all. Roads are not only used, but they are abused, grievously abused; yet they never show a sign of it if they can help it. A road is a good sport.

However, roads, like other things, have their bad sides as well as their good sides. They are apt to deceive. One starts out for a short trip and doesn't go very far; but the

way back is awfully tedious. The road to school is the most deceitful road this way I ever saw.

They say smoking, drinking, and cussing put you in the gutter faster than anything else, but I guess they never tried to steer a fast auto on a slippery road. That puts you in the gutter every time, and I ask you, is not that a bad side of the road? Besides, these bad sides of roads there is also the side you happen to be on, which is the worst side every time. So you see roads are not altogether blessings.

Besides, the good roads, bad roads, and indifferent roads, which I have already talked about, there remain the railroads. These are at once the best from the stockholders' standpoint, for county roads bring no dividends. They are the worst, because—oh, well, you probably know as many reasons for that as I do. You have used them. Before I take the road to my parental mansion I wish to thank you one and all for your kind attention and patriotic coming together in the cause of good roads. I thank you.





The Man of To-Day

W. F. H.

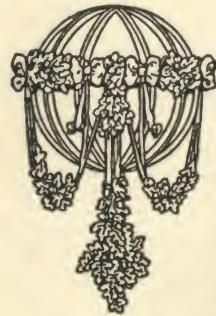
HIIS is the day of the man who acts. Wake up, take stock of yourself. Find your own weakness and take advantage of it before the other fellow beats you to it. If you fall down always come up with a smile on your contenance. You know a smile will carry you farther than anything else in this world; it will knock the grudge out of anybody. We all do what we want; if not, why? You must be loafing on the job. Where is the man who does not want to rise. Water seeks its own level. You can do the same. It isn't who he is, but what he can do that counts this day.

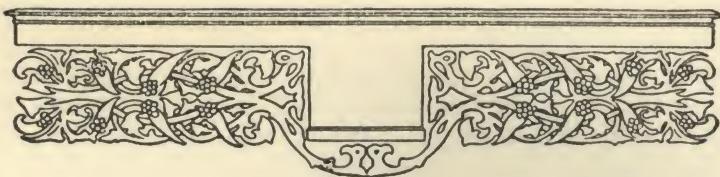
There is no such thing as a pull or influence on the road to real success. Nothing can stop the man who wants to rise, but the man who is a loafer physically or mentally will eventually go down. Some one may try to stop his progress, but if he wants hard enough to go forward nothing blocks his way. Think of the high cost of loafing instead of the high cost of living. Get a job and be able to give it all of your attention; make it progress. Go pick what you can do and like the best to do, then stick to it. Constant hard working at the same thing is about the best and only way to succeed.

Your record starts to-day, so keep a good average, an average that all men will envy. If you work hard your boss will see it and when there comes an opening you will be the best fitted for it. Remember, it is your record that is being made. You can harm no one but yourself by falling down, but you can fool a lot of people. Chance plays no part in success. Whoever looks on a successful man with envy merely looks at him with ignorance, for every man who attains supremacy of any kind has done some-

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thing to earn it. Stop talking, learn to speak so you and your friends will be benefited by it. Stop wishing; a wish is a confession of weakness. When you want anything want what you want hard enough to get it, or else feel superior to it. Buckle down to hard work, eliminate idlers from your acquaintance—this means also the man who enjoys play more than work. Study what you study so that you will be entirely wrapped up in your work, not losing a spare moment. But the most important of all is to attend to your own business. Nothing then will stand in the way of success which every man is striving for.





Our Country

The story is told in poem and song,
How the country was saved by Washington.
His picture reminds as the years roll by
Of the spirit of freedom, that would not die.

We all know how the Minute Men
Attacked the British again and again,
And how they drove them from our land.
Oh, the dauntless spirit of that little band!

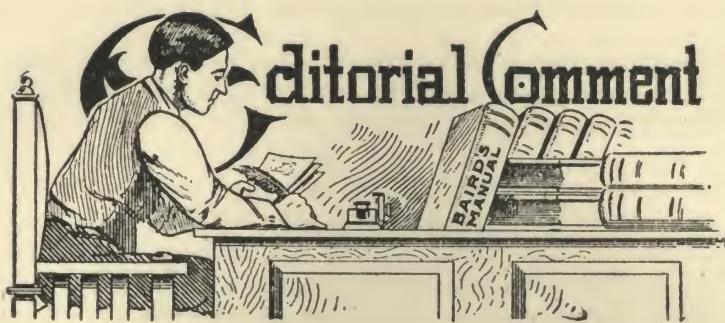
Tho times have changed, shall we stand by
And see the spirit of our granddads die?
Shall we be trampled on like mud?
No! not while we've a drop of blood!

For the flag our granddads gladly died,
Our fathers never its call denied.
We must honor, we must defend,
And leave it unsmirched unto the end.

This is no time for a political scrap.
Your party—that doesn't matter a rap.
Come, pull together, forget all your mirth,
And fight like your fathers for the land of your birth!

Just stick up for Wilson, he'll do what's right,
Stick up for America with all your might.
Stand by our flag—the flag of the free,
And freemen will stand through eternity!

J. M. S.



THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

Address all literary matter to the Editor-in-Chief; all business matter to the Business Manager. Make checks and drafts payable to Business Manager M. B. A. Bulletin.

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Additions to Our Aerial Service

EHE government is waking up to the great advantage of the aviation section of the country's defense. This branch of the army and navy has been greatly neglected and at the present time the equipment of the navy is only six seaplanes, a kite balloon, and two captive balloons. This is absolutely pitiful for a country of this size, and Congress has realized this fact. The signal corps has ordered 175 aeroplanes for the army; and 100 hydro-aeroplanes and 100 training school machines will be ordered in the near future.

The Navy Department has let contracts for 49 seaplanes. It also has 26 other seaplanes under construction, a dirigible balloon, and two new kite balloons, making a total of 78. Other orders are to be let by the navy and army for aircraft, an aggregate of 17,381. It now seems that the gov-

ernment is waking up to the fact that the only way to run a properly regulated country is through preparedness.

To fly and command these 2,028 officers and men for both branches of the service, of whom 148 officers and 1,200 enlisted men will be allotted to the army, and 150 officers and 350 enlisted men to the navy. In addition to this thirty acting ensigns to be appointed from civil life, and 150 student fliers to be appointed in the next five years.

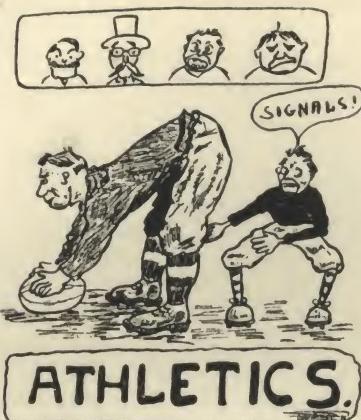
The lack of machines was a great handicap, and one of the most conspicuous failures of the border operations. Had the army been properly provided with aeroplanes the capture of Villa would have been brought to a quick end. It seems very reasonable to suppose that aeroplanes will play a big part in border patrols in the near future.

Fair Play

 AIR play is the instinct of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you;" the inherent instinct to be game, to be a good loser or winner. It is the source of unending friendships and lasting enmities. "The child is father of the man;" the instinct that causes a fellow to cheat, to take an unfair advantage, unless vigorously suppressed, develops the unscrupulous, get-them-at-any-price business man.

School athletics should develop the best that is in a fellow. The judgment of the school is sure and swift for the cad, the cheat, the bully and braggart.

We have a reputation in things of this kind and we must live up to it. A reputation is the easiest thing to make and the hardest to keep. No matter where you are or who you are with you will find that fair play brings forth admiration. We always have a friendly feeling for the school that has given us a square deal on the athletic field. A great many schools will treat you well as long as they are beating you, but as soon as you begin to beat them they are against you. Boys are human and where they are treated most fairly they will always want to come back.



M. B. A. 74, GREENE 7

The first game of the football season was easily won by the Academy eleven from Greene School, of Athens, Ala. The game was very exciting all the way through. Greene, although beaten and tired, fought hard to the end. Kuhn, Allen and Burns, playing in their old-time form, starred throughout the game.

M. B. A. 68, FAIRVIEW 0

The second game of the season was played in Centerville with the Fairview Academy. Again the Garnet and White completely outclassed their opponents by the powerful attack which they possessed, running over Fairview with ease. Allen and Kuhn again carry off honors.

M. B. A. 7, SEWANEE RESERVES 0

The Sewanee Reserves came to Nashville with the expectation of running over M. B. A., but when the whistle blew and the game was over they possessed the small end of the score. The game was very exciting throughout and full of hair-raising plays.

M. B. A. was considerably handicapped when Babe Allen was knocked unconscious in the first few minutes of play and had to be removed from the game.

M. B. A. VICTORIOUS OVER CASTLE HEIGHTS

Before a crowd of over five hundred people M. B. A. defeated Castle Heights in a brilliantly played game by the score of 21 to 6. The game was exciting throughout, looking very bad for M. B. A. a good many times. In the last quarter the Garnet and White came back strong with two touchdowns, thereby winning the game. In Prince and Swift, Castle Heights had two good men on gaining ground. Kuhn easily played the best game for the Academy, pulling off some wonderful sidestepping time and again.

M. B. A. LOSES TO MORGAN

For the first time in two years M. B. A. was defeated in football, Morgan ruining all chances for another State prep championship. It was not only the first defeat in two years, but was the first defeat by an invading team on the M. B. A. field. M. B. A. had hardly gotten over the effects of the Castle Heights game and were in a crippled condition. Morgan made a touchdown in the first few minutes of play, and two more in the second half. The Morgan boys who defeated M. B. A. were Gillens, Lyle and McGee.

M. B. A. 56, S. M. A. 7

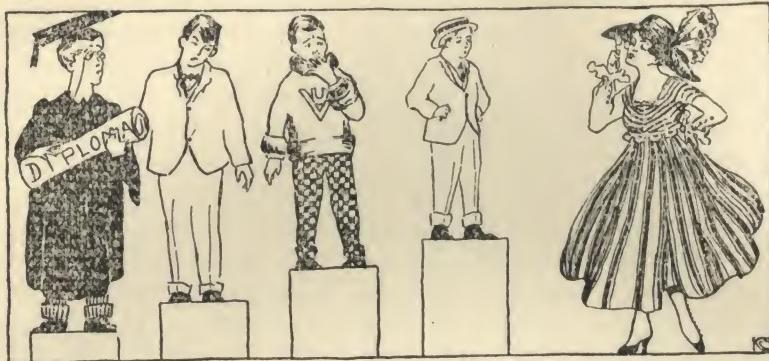
In the last game of the season M. B. A. defeated S. M. A. on Thanksgiving morning by the score of 56 to 7. The score was larger than was expected. The cadets put up a good game and deserve a great deal of credit. Their only score was made by Woolwine on a forward pass. For M. B. A., Kuhn, Allen, Hirsig and Burns were exceptionally good throughout the whole game.

BASKETBALL

Owing to the disadvantages of not possessing a gymnasium, and the inconvenience of practicing in some hall in town, M. B. A. could not put out a basketball team this year. We hope to have a good building, however, in the near future.

The school had material to pick from in Allen, Kuhn,
(Continued on Page 18)

ALUMNI



W. Van Roy Andrews, '06, is employed at Ahern & Ott's.

M. E. Barr, '04, is at the American National Bank.

L. P. Brown, '83, is director of Pure Food and Drug Department, New York.

J. W. Charlton, '92, has resigned the vice-presidency of the Hermitage National Bank and has entered the insurance business.

H. M. Doak, '07, is with the Phillips & Buttorff Mfg. Co.

J. M. Gray, Jr., '87, is president of Gray & Dudley Mfg. Co.

T. T. Mahoney, '07, is a money order clerk in the Chicago postoffice department.

Reuben F. Page, '06, is connected with the Pullman Co.

J. P. Poyner, '06, is with the Fulcher Brick Co.

Tinsley Chester, '07, is with the Tinsley Millinery Co.

D. H. Luck, '06, is in the U. S. Department of Agriculture at Pittsburg, Pa.

C. B. Warner, '05, is with the Warner Drug Co.

T. A. Washington, '97, is of the firm of Hunt, Washington & Smith.

D. P. Wrenne, Jr., '09, is cashier at the T. W. Wrenne Banking Co.

K. E. Jackson, '14, is at Vanderbilt University.

This department of the *M. B. A. Bulletin* is publishing

and will continue to publish names of the alumni with their present occupations and will be glad to record any honors they have won. Men from M. B. A. are filling positions of importance and trust throughout the world. They are men who rise to the zenith of their chosen profession and have nearly always graced the positions that they have been called upon to fill.

The great majority of graduates from M. B. A. complete their education in some university. It is pleasing and well to note that these same students rank high in their classes. They are also often on the elevens. This season some we notice in particular are Jack Hager, right end, Virginia; Tom Lipscomb, right tackle, Vanderbilt; Harold Braly, right tackle, Sewanee; James Avent, reserve quarter, Sewanee; Walter S. Yarbrough, quarter, Transylvania; F. H. Blair, reserve end, Vanderbilt; Mizell Wilson, was forced to abandon his studies for the year on account of serious illness, but we are pleased to note that he is very much better and expects to return to college next year. Jack Hager played in the Virginia-Vanderbilt game October, 18, 1916, and the account of the game in the daily press comments on the stellar work of Hager, the former M. B. A. star. Tom Lipscomb is doing fine work for the Vanderbilt eleven, and he has played in every game this season. Harold Braly has made a fine showing for the Sewanee eleven and journeyed down to New Orleans with the team. He played excellent football. James Avent, although now working with the reserves, will no doubt be recognized before the season closes. He played with the reserves in their recent game with M. B. A., and although he played football of the highest quality, he could not win the game alone. We could note some stars of the classroom and some of oratorical fame if we had the space, and no doubt many instances are not brought to our notice. Last season we noticed class presidents and officers and men who led in exams that were from M. B. A. and this surely points clearly that the instruction received at M. B. A. is of the highest

type. We hope, and believe, that in the future the high standard thus established by our worthy alumni will not suffer, but if possible be raised even higher.

"Life is no dream or thing of naught,
But know you this that life is thought,
And to live is not life
Where naught is wrought."

Simmons Allen, Foster Baird, Ed Rooney and Buist Litterer favored us with a visit some time ago. Come again, we are always glad to see any of the alumni.

ATHLETICS

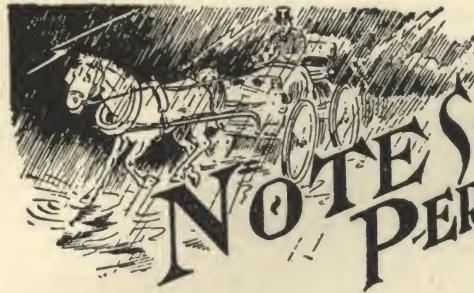
(Continued from Page 15)

Burns, Hirsig, Russell, Whitsitt, Jackson, Reyer, McClure, and Curtis, and there's the pity.

BASEBALL

As the days become warmer we forget the gridiron and think of the coming baseball season. The Academy should have a fair team this year if a couple of first-class prep school pitchers can be brought to light. Of the three pitchers we had last year, not one returned to school. Of last year's men, only four returned—Allen, Kuhn, Nicks and Wilson. From the new fellows at school we should have an average prep team.

The new boys are Edmondson, Huggins, Hunt, R. Wilson, McClure, Jones, Divney, Sparrow, Curry, Reyer, Whitsitt, Jackson, Morehead, Dempsey and Diehl.



NOTES and PERSONALS

On Thursday, November 16th, the two literary societies will hold a joint debate and declamation contest. This is the first time the societies have met this year. The program promises to be a good one.

* * *

Two Irishmen were looking in a jewelry store gazing at a display of diamonds. One Irishman said to the other: "Mike, how would you like to have your pick in there?"

"Begorry, I would rather have my shovel."

* * *

Mr. Cherry: "Nichol, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

Bill: "Yes, sir, it's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face."

* * *

Mother: "If you fell in the water why are your clothes dry?"

Tommy: "I took 'em off in case of accident."

* * *

Mrs. Burns: "William, be sure to wash you face."

Bill: "Oh, what for? Who's coming?"

* * *

Mrs. Jones: "What are you paying for eggs now?"

Mrs. Brown: "Nothing, they're too high."

* * *

Aileen: "Phil, won't you give up smoking for my sake?"

Phil: "Yes, my love, if you'll allow me to smoke for my sake."

Mr. Jones: "Isn't that a pretty big bill, doctor?"

Doctor: "Well, living costs more now than it used to, you know."

* * *

"You say this man stole your coat?" said a magistrate to a prosecutor. "Do I understand that you prefer this charge aganist him?"

"Well, no, your worship," was the reply, "I prefer my coat, if it is all the same to you."

* * *

Willie: "I wish I was Tommy Jones."

Mother: "Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys and pocket money."

Willie: "Yes, but he can wiggle his ears."

* * *

Buford: "Why is Bill Ogden like a lamp?"

Tom: "Because he is not especially bright, frequently smokes and generally goes out at night."

* * *

Tom Bryan's sister certainly is a good exchange editor.

* * *

Russell: "What was your income during the summer?"

Hunt: "About 3 o'clock in the morning."

* * *

"My son," said the parson to a small boy, who was digging, "Don't you know that it is a sin to dig on Sunday, except in case of necessity."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "but it is a necessity. How can a fellow fish without bait?"

* * *

NOVEMBER MORN

The hills lie naked in the breeze,
The fields unfrocked,
Bare are the limbs of all the trees,
No wonder the corn is shocked.

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"I can't find any old clothes to put on the scare crow," said farmer Corntassel.

"You might use some of them fancy duds our boy Josh brought home from college," suggested his wife.

"I'm only trying to scare the crows; not to make them laugh themselves to death."

* * *

Ma: "You've been drinking. I smell it on your breath."

Pa: "Not a drop. I've been eating frogs' legs. What you smell is the hops."

* * *

Pat: "I see Jack got a job."

Dempsey: "He did. Well, well, some folks will do anything for money."

* * *

The man had been haled before the magistrate on some slight charge. "Let me see," said the judge. "I know you. Are you not the man who was married in a cage of man-eating lions?"

"Yes, your honor," replied the culprit.

"Exciting, wasn't it?"

"Well," said the man, slowly, "it was then."

* * *

THE SUNDAY PAPER

Sixty-nine pages of rubbish,
Twenty-two pages of rot,
Forty-six pages of scandal vile,
Served to us piping hot.

Seventeen hundred pictures—
Death, disease, and despair—
Lies and fakes, and fakes and lies
Stuck in most everywhere.

Thirty-four comic pages
Printed in reds, greens, and blues;
Thousands of items we don't care to read,
But only two columns of news.

Hirsig and Holle had had a huge eating competition. Each had eaten a beefsteak, a plentiful supply of vegetables, two pies, half a cake, and had drunk three bottles of Chero-Cola. Hirsig, by eating another pie, was declared the winner. As he and Babe started to his house a few minutes after the eating, Hirsig turned to Babe and said:

"Don't say anything about this to mother, or she won't give me any dinner."

* * *

Wife: "John, you'll have to take that ball away from baby; he hit sister on the head with it."

John: "Yes, dear; but you should have seen the curve the little cuss had on it."

* * *

Ole, just over from the old country, drove his master to church Sunday. As the man got out of the surrey he told Ole that he might come in. It was the first time he had ever been in a church. After services a man came to him and said: "Ole, how would you like to work for Jesus?"

"No, Ay tank you," said Ole slowly, "I got a good yob now, working for Mister Yinks."

* * *

Pat was swimming in a creek when suddenly he stepped into a pit and would have drowned had not a negro boy, who was passing, pulled him out. Reaching into his pocket, he gave the boy half a dollar. The boy, after looking at Pat a minute, handed him 25 cents change.

* * *

Native: "Sahib, I saw a lot of tiger tracks about a mile north of here—big ones, too."

Hunter: "Good; which way is south?"

* * *

Two burly bricklayers were fighting furiously. At last one got the other on the ground and began jumping on his chest.

"Here, Bill," gasped the man on the ground. "That ain't fair. This ain't nothing but a fight; it ain't football."

"Deep, wisdom, swelled head,
Brain fever. He's dead—
The Senior.

False, fair one, hope fled,
Heart broken. He's dead—
The Junior.

Went skating, 'tis said,
Floor hit him. He's dead—
The Sophomore.

Milk famine, not fed,
Starvation. He'd dead—
The Freshman."

"SAM FROM AWAY DOWN SOUTH"

Just an ordinary boy, with a shock of red hair,
Freckles on his face and no flesh to spare;
Ears like a jack-rabbit and a great big mouth—
This was Sam, away down South.

A good-hearted fellow—though wild in a way,
Headed straight for the devil, I've heard preachers say;
He'd laugh at the flood, he laughs at the drouth,
That was Sam, away down South.

You want to know what became of Sam?
Well, that's the joke! Do you see that man?
The U. S. Senator, with the big, firm mouth?
That's Sam, from away down South.

—*Sidney Lanier Boddie.*

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BY M'CLURE

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows"
(Tempest ii:2)—McDonald.

"A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, a living
dead man" (Comedy of Errors v:1)—Hirsig.

"As merry as the day is long" (*Much Ado About Nothing*)—W. Nichol.

"A lion among ladies, 'tis a most dreadful thing" (*Midsummer Night's Dream* iii:1)—Harrison.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark" (*Merchant of Venice*)—F. Allen.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!" (*Merchant of Venice* v:1)—Burns.

"I am sure care is an enemy to life" (*Twelfth Night*)—Aust.

"What, all my pretty chickens?" (*Macbeth* iv:3)—"Doc" Kuhn.

"Most potent, grave and reverend seignors" (*Othello* i:3)—The Faculty.

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time" (*Merchant of Venice* v:1)—Curtis.

"NUF SED."





We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges
and hope to see you again:

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The Echo, Nashville, Tenn.
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The Purple and Gold, Clarksville, Tenn.
College Topics, Charlottesville, Va.
The Sphinx, Centralia, Ill.
Purple and Gold, Franklin, Ky.
The Arc Light, Augusta, Ga.
The Sewanee Purple, Sewanee, Tenn.
The Students' Review, Northampton, Mass.
The Little Tiger, Sewanee, Tenn.
The Hawkins Hammer, Gallatin, Tenn.
The Student, Tullahoma, Tenn.
High School Chronicle, Danbury, Conn.
The Megaphone, Newton, Mass.
Vanderbilt Observer, Nashville, Tenn.
The Signal, Columbia, Tenn.

Maroon and Gray, Dallas, Texas.
The Academy Journal, Norwich, Conn.
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The Purple and Gold—An excellent paper.

The Quill—Is always good.

The Signal—You have a good paper and it is well arranged, but a few stories would add to it.

He: "If I were sure no one was looking, I'd kiss you."

She: "I'll close my eyes."—*Ex.*

* * *

Teacher: "Give a sentence using the first person."

Student: "Adam lived in the Garden of Eden."—*Ex.*

* * *

Prof. Caldwell: "Allen, I want you to give me the longest sentence you can."

F. Allen: "Life imprisonment."

* * *

Wanted—To know what McClure did with the walking cane he carried to the Golf and Country Club on the night of February 9.

* * *

Wanted—To know why Ellis Huggins is not taking so much interest in Miss G_____ of late.

Answer—Ask John Aust.

* * *

There was a sweet girl named J. G.,

Supposed to love Ellis, you see;

Then Aust, he stepped in; he was slated to win,

And now Ellis is sad as can be.

J. R. A., Jr.

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By a young man who is very handsome and well dressed, and whose first name is Ellis. She must be tall, black headed, and, above all, good looking. For further information write, wire or phone: JOHN R. AUST, Jr.
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